

THE
K I N G
AND THE
MILLER of *Mansfield*.

A
DRAMATIC TALE.

As it was Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*.

By R. DODSLEY.



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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

The KING,
The MILLER,
RICHARD the *Miller's* Son,
Lord LUREWELL,
COURTIERS and
KEEPERS of the Forest.

Mr. *Cibber*.
Mr. *Miller*.
Mr. *Berry*.
Mr. *Este*.

W O M E N.

PEGGY,
MARGERY,
KATE,

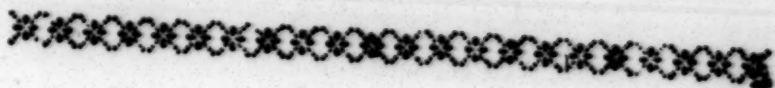
Mrs. *Pritchard*.
Mrs. *Bennet*.
Mrs. *Cross*.

SCENE, *Sherwood Forest*.





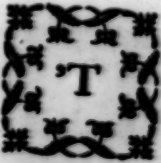
THE
K I N G
AND THE
M I L L E R.



SCENE, *Sherwood Forest.*

Enter several COURTIERs as lost.

First Courtier.

 IS horrid dark! and this Wood, I believe,
has neither End nor Side.

Fourth Courtier. You mean to get out at,
for we have found one in, you see.

Second Courtier. I wish our good King
Harry had kept nearer home to hunt; in my Mind, the
pretty, tame Deer in *London* make much better Sport
than the wild ones in *Sherwood Forest*.

The KING and the

Third Courtier. I can't tell which way his Majesty went, nor whether any body is with him or not; but let us keep together, pray.

Fourth Courtier. Ay, ay, like true Courtiers, take care of ourselves, whatever becomes of Master.

Second Courtier. Well, it's a terrible thing to be lost in the Dark.

Fourth Courtier. It is. And yet it's so common a Case, that one would not think it should be at all so. Why we are all of us lost in the Dark every Day of our Lives. Knaves keep us in the Dark by their Cunning, and Fools by their Ignorance. Divines lose us in dark Mysteries; Lawyers in dark Cases, and Statesmen in dark Intrigues: Nay, the Light of Reason, which we so much boast of, what is it but a Dark-lantern, which just serves to prevent us from running our Nose against a Post, perhaps; but is no more able to lead us out of the dark Mists of Error and Ignorance, in which we are lost, than an *Ignis fatuus* would be to conduct us out of this Wood.

First Courtier. But, my Lord, this is no time for preaching, methinks. And, for all your Morals, Day-light would be much preferable to this Darkness, I believe.

Third Courtier. Indeed wou'd it. But come, let us go on; we shall find some House or other by and by.

Fourth Courtier. Come along. [Exit.

Enter the KING alone.

No, no, this can be no publick Road, that's certain: I am lost, quite lost indeed. Of what Advantage is it now to be a King? Night shews me no Respect: I cannot see better, nor walk so well as another Man. What is a King? Is he not wiser than another Man? Not without his Counsellors, I plainly find. Is he not more powerful? I oft have been told so, indeed; but what now can my Power command? Is he not greater and more magnificent? When seated on his Throne, and surrounded with Nobles and Flatterers, perhaps he may think so; but when lost in a Wood, alas! what is he but a common Man? His Wisdom knows not which is North and which is South; his Power a Beggar's Dog would bark at; and his Greatness the Beggar would not bow to. And yet how oft

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oft are we puffed up with these false Attributes? Well, in losing the Monarch, I have found the Man.

[The Report of a Gun is heard.]

Hark! some Villain sure is near! What were it best to do? Will my Majesty protect me? No. Throw Majesty aside then, and let Manhood do it.

Enter the MILLER.

Miller. I believe I hear the Rogue? Who's there?

King. No Rogue, I assure you.

Miller. Little better, Friend, I believe. Who fir'd that Gun?

King. Not I, indeed.

Miller. You lie, I believe.

King. Lie! lie! how strange it seems to me to be talked to in this Stile. *[Aside]* Upon my word I don't.

Miller. Come, come, Sirrah, confess; you have shot one of the King's Deer, have not you?

King. No, indeed; I owe the King more respect. I heard a Gun go off, indeed, and was afraid some Robbers might have been near.

Miller. I'm not bound to believe this, Friend. Pray who are you? what's your Name?

King. Name!

Miller. Name! yes Name. Why you have a Name, have not you? Where do you come from? What is your Business here?

King. These are Questions I have not been us'd to, honest Man.

Miller. May be so; but they are Questions no honest Man would be afraid to answer, I think: So if you can give no better Account of yourself, I shall make bold to take you along with me, if you please.

King. With you! what Authority have you to—

Miller. The King's Authority, if I must give you an Account, Sir. I am *John Cockle* the Miller of *Mansfield*, one of his Majesty's Keepers in this Forest of *Sherwood*; and I will let no suspected Fellow pass this Way that cannot give a better Account of himself than you have done, I promise you.

A 3

King.

King. I must submit to my own Authority. [*Afide.*] Very well, Sir, I am glad to hear the King has so good an Officer; and since I find you have his Authority, I will give you a better Account of myself, if you will do me the favour to hear it.

Miller. It's more than you deserve, I believe; but let's hear what you can say for yourself.

King. I have the Honour to belong to the King as well as you, and, perhaps, should be as unwilling to see any Wrong done him. I came down with him to hunt in this Forest, and the Chace leading us to-day a great way from home, I am benighted in this Wood, and have lost my Way.

Miller. 'Tis does not sound well; if you have been a hunting, pray where is your Horse?

King. I have tired my Horse so that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

Miller. If I thought I might believe this now.

King. I am not used to lie, honest Man.

Miller. What! do you live at Court, and not lie! that's a likely Story indeed.

King. Be that as it will, I speak Truth now, I assure you; and to convince you of it, if you will attend me to *Nottingham*, if I am near it, or give me a Night's Lodging in your own House, here is something to pay you for your Trouble, and if that is not sufficient, I will satisfy you in the Morning to your utmost Desire.

Miller. Ay, now I am convinc'd you are a Courtier; here is a little Bribe for to-day, and a large Promise for to-morrow, both in a Breath: here, take it again, and take this along with it——*John Cockle* is no Courtier, he can do what he ought——without a Bribe.

King. Thou art a very extraordinary Man I must own, and I should be glad, methinks, to be farther acquainted with thee.

Miller. Thee! and thou! prithee don't thee and thou me; I believe I am as good a Man as yourself at least.

King. Sir, I beg your Pardon.

Miller. Nay, I am not angry, Friend; only I don't love to be too familiar with any-body, before I know whether they deserve it or not.

King.

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King. You are in the right. But what am I to do?

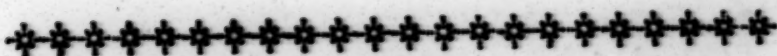
Miller. You may do what you please. You are twelve Miles from *Nottingham*, and all the Way thro' this thick Wood; but if you 'are resolved upon going thither to Night, I will put you in the Road, and direct you the best I can; or if you will accept of such poor Entertainment as a Miller can give, you shall be welcome to stay all Night, and in the Morning I will go with you myself.

King. And cannot you go with me to-night?

Miller. I would not go with you to-night if you were the King.

King. Then I must go with you, I think.

[*Exeunt.*]



Scene changes to the Town of Mansfield.

DICK alone.

Well, dear *Mansfield*, I am glad to see thy Face again. But my Heart aches, methinks, for fear this should be only a Trick of theirs to get me into their Power. Yet the Letter seems to be wrote with an Air of Sincerity, I confess; and the Girl was never us'd to lie till she kept a Lord Company. Let me see, I'll read it once more.

Dear Richard,

I am at last (tho' much too late for me) convinc'd of the Injury done to us both by that base Man, who made me think you false; he contriv'd these Letters which I send you, to make me think you just upon the Point of being married to another, a Thought I could not bear with Patience; so, aiming at Revenge on you, consented to my own Undoing. But, for your own Sake, I beg you to return hither, for I have some hopes of being able to do you Justice, which is the only Comfort of your most distress'd, but ever affectionate,

PEGGY.

There can be no Cheat in this, sure! The Letters she has sent are, I think, a Proof of her Sincerity. Well, I will go to her however: I cannot think she will again betray me: If she has as much Tendernefs left for me, as, in spite of her Ill Usage, I still feel for her, I'm sure she won't. Let me see, I am not far from the House, I believe. [Exit.]

Scene changes to a Room.

PEGGY and PHOEBE.

Phoebe. Pray, Madam, make yourself easy.

Peggy. Ah! *Phoebe*, she that has lost her Virtue, has with it lost her Ease, and all her Happiness. Believing, cheated Fool! to think him false.

Phoebe. Be patient, Madam, I hope you will shortly be reveng'd on that deceitful Lord.

Peggy. I hope I shall, for that were just Revenge. But will Revenge make me happy? Will it excuse my Falshood? Will it restore me to the Heart of my much injur'd Love? Ah! no. That blooming Innocence he us'd to praise, and call the greatest Beauty of our Sex, is gone. I have no Charm left that might renew that Flame I took such pains to quench.

[Knocking at the Door.]

See who's there. O Heavens, 'tis he! Alas! that ever I shou'd be asham'd to see the Man I love!

Enter RICHARD, who stands looking on her at a Distance, she weeping.

Dick. Well, *Peggy* (but I suppose you're Madam now in that fine Dress), you see you have brought me back; is it to triumph in your Falshood? or am I to receive the slighted Leavings of your fine Lord?

Peggy. O *Richard*! after the Injury I have done you, I cannot look on you without Confusion: But do not think so hardly of me; I stay'd not to be slighted by him,
for

for the Moment I discover'd his vile Plot on you, I fled his Sight, nor could he ever prevail to see me since.

Dick. Ah, *Peggy*! you were too hasty in believing; and much I fear, the Vengeance aim'd at me, had other Charms to recommend it to you: such Bravery as that [*Pointing to her Cloaths*] I had not to bestow; but if a tender honest Heart could please, you had it all; and if I wish'd for more, 'twas for your Sake.

Peggy. O *Richard*! when you consider the wicked Stragem he contriv'd to make me think you base and deceitful, I hope you will, at least, pity my Folly, and, in some measure, excuse my Falshood; that you will forgive me, I dare not hope.

Dick. To be forc'd to fly from my Friends and Country, for a Crime that I was innocent of, is an Injury that I cannot easily forgive, to be sure: But if you are less guilty of it than I thought, I shall be very glad; and if your Design be really as you say, to clear me, and to expose the Baseness of him that betray'd and ruin'd you, I will join with you with all my Heart. But how do you propose to do this?

Peggy. The King is now in this Forest a hunting, and our young Lord is every Day with him: Now, I think, if we could take some Opportunity of throwing ourselves at his Majesty's Feet, and complaining of the Injustice of one of his Courtiers, it might, perhaps, have some Effect upon him.

Dick. If we were suffer'd to make him sensible of it, perhaps it might; but the Complaints of such little Folks as we seldom reach the Ears of Majesty.

Peggy. We can but try.

Dick. Well, if you will go with me to my Father's, and stay there till such an Opportunity happens, I shall believe you in earnest, and will join with you in your Design.

Peggy. I will do any thing to convince you of my Sincerity, and to make Satisfaction for the Injuries which have been done you.

Dick. Will you go now?

Peggy. I'll be with you in less than an Hour. [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to the Mill.***MARGERY and KATE Knitting.**

Kate. O dear, I would not see a Spirit for all the World; but I love dearly to hear Stories of them. Well, and what then?

Margery. And so at last, in a dismal, hollow Tone it cry'd —

[A knocking at the Door frights them both; they scream out, and throw down their Knitting.]

Margery and Kate. Lord bless us! What's that?

Kate. O dear Mother, it's some Judgment upon us, I'm afraid. They say, talk of the Devil, and he'll appear.

Margery. *Kate*, go and see who's at the Door.

Kate. I durst not go, Mother; do you go.

Margery. Come, let's both go.

Kate. Now don't speak as if you was afraid.

Margery. No, I won't if I can help it. Who's there?

Dick without.] What! won't you let me in?

Kate. O Gemini! it's like our *Dick*, I think: He's certainly dead, and it's his Spirit.

Margery. Heav'n forbid! I think in my Heart it's he himself. Open the Door, *Kate*.

Kate. Nay, do you.

Margery. Come, we'll both open it.

[They open the Door.]

Enter DICK.

Dick. Dear Mother, how do ye do? I thought you would not have let me in.

Margery. Dear Child, I'm overjoy'd to see thee; but I was so frightened, I did not know what to do.

Kate. Dear Brother, I am glad to see you; how have you done this long while?

Dick.

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Dick. Very well, *Kate*. But where's my Father?

Margery. He heard a Gun go off just now, and he's gone to see who 'tis.

Dick. What, they love Venison at *Mansfield* as well as ever, I suppose?

Kate. Ay, and they will have it too.

Miller without.] *Hoa! Madge! Kate!* bring a Light here.

Margery. Yonder he is.

Kate. Has he catch'd the Rogue, I wonder?

Enter the KING and the MILLER.

Margery. Who have you got?

Miller. I have brought thee a Stranger, *Madge*; thou must give him a Supper, and a Lodging if thou can'st.

Margery. You have got a better Stranger of your own, I can tell you: *Dick's* come.

Miller. *Dick!* Where is he? Why *Dick!* How is't, my Lad?

Dick. Very well, I thank you, Father.

King. A little more, and you had push'd me down.

Miller. Faith, Sir, you must excuse me; I was overjoy'd to see my Boy. He has been at *London*, and I have not seen him these four Years.

King. Well, I shall once in my Life have the Happiness of being treated as a common Man; and of seeing human Nature without Disguise. [*Aside.*]

Miller. What has brought thee Home so unexpected?

Dick. You will know that presently.

Miller. Of that by-and-by then. We have got the King down in the Forest a hunting this Season, and this honest Gentleman, who came down with his Majesty from *London*, has been with 'em to-day, it seems, and has lost his Way. Come, *Madge*, see what thou can'st get for Supper. Kill a Couple of the best Fowls; and go you, *Kate*, and draw a Pitcher of Ale. We are famous, Sir, at *Mansfield*, for good Ale, and for honest Fellows that know how to drink it.

King. Good Ale will be acceptable, at present, for I am

am very dry. But pray, how came your Son to leave you, and go to *London*?

Miller. Why, that's a Story which *Dick*, perhaps, won't like to have told.

King. Then I don't desire to hear it.

Enter KATE, with an earthen Pitcher of Ale and a Horn.

Miller. So, now do you go help your Mother.—Sir, my hearty Service to you.

King. Thank ye, Sir. This plain Sincerity and Freedom, is a Happiness unknown to Kings. [*Aside.*]

Miller. Come, Sir.

King. *Richard*, my Service to you.

Dick. Thank you, Sir.

Miller. Well, *Dick*, and how dost thou like *London*? Come, tell us what thou hast seen.

Dick. Seen! I have seen the Land of Promise.

Miller. The Land of Promise! What dost thou mean?

Dick. The Court, Father.

Miller. Thou wilt never leave joking.

Dick. To be serious then, I have seen the Disappointment of my Hopes and Expectations; and that's more than one would wish to see.

Miller. What! would the great Man, thou wast recommended to, do nothing at all for thee at last?

Dick. Why, yes; he would promise me to the last.

Miller. Zoons! do the Courtiers think their Dependents can eat Promises?

Dick. No, no; they never trouble their Heads to think, whether we eat at all or not. I have now dangled after his Lordship several Years, tantaliz'd with Hopes and Expectations; this Year promised one Place, the next another, and the third, in sure and certain Hope of—a Disappointment. One falls, and it was promised before; another, and I am just half an Hour too late; a third, and it stops the Mouth of a Creditor; a fourth, and it pays the Hire of a Flatterer; a fifth, and it bribes a Vote; and, the sixth, I am promised still. But having thus

thus slept away some Years, I awoke from my Dream : My Lord, I found, was so far from having it in his Power to get a Place for me, that he had been all this while seeking after one for himself.

Miller. Poor *Dick* ! And is plain Honesty then a Recommendation to no Place at Court ?

Dick. It may recommend you to be a Footman, perhaps, but nothing further, nothing further, indeed. If you look higher, you must furnish yourself with other Qualifications : You must learn to say Ay, or No ; to run, or stand ; to fetch, or carry, or leap over a Stick at the Word of Command. You must be Master of the Arts of Flattery, Insinuation, Dissimulation, Application, and [*Pointing to his Palm*] right Application too, if you hope to succeed.

King. You don't consider I am a Courtier, methinks.

Dick. Not I, indeed ; 'tis no Concern of mine what you are. If in general, my Character of the Court is true, 'tis not my Fault if it's disagreeable to your Worship. There are particular Exceptions I own, and I hope you may be one.

King. Nay, I don't want to be flatter'd, so let that pass. Here's better Success to you the next Time you come to *London*.

Dick. I thank ye ; but I don't design to see it again in Haste.

Miller. No, no, *Dick* ; instead of depending upon Lords Promises, depend upon the Labour of thine own Hands ; expect nothing but what thou can'st earn, and then thou wilt not be disappointed. But come, I want a Description of *London* ; thou hast told us nothing thou hast seen yet.

Dick. O ! 'tis a fine Place ! I have seen large Houses with small Hospitality ; great Men do little Actions ; and fine Ladies do nothing at all. I have seen the honest Lawyers of *Westminster-Hall*, and the virtuous Inhabitants of *'Change-Alley* ; the politick Madmen of Coffee-houses, and the wise Statesmen of *Bedlam*. I have seen merry Tragedies, and sad Comedies ; Devotion at an Opera, and Mirth

Mirth at a Sermon; I have seen fine Cloaths at *St. James's*, and long Bills at *Ludgate-Hill*. I have seen poor Grandeur, and rich Poverty; high Honours, and low Flattery; great Pride, and no Merit. In short, I have seen a Fool with a Title, a Knave with a Pension, and an honest Man with a thread-bare Coat. Pray how do you like *London*?

Miller. And is this the best Description thou can'st give of it?

Dick. Yes.

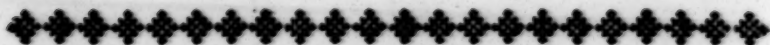
King. Why, *Richard*, you are a Satirist, I find.

Dick. I love to speak Truth, Sir; if that happens to be Satire, I can't help it.

Miller. Well! if this is *London*, give me my Country Cottage; which, tho' it is not a great House, nor a fine House, is my own House, and I can shew a Receipt for the building on't. But come, Sir, our Supper, I believe is ready for us, by this Time; and to such as I have, you're welcome as a Prince.

King. I thank you.

[*Exeunt*.]



Scene changes to the Wood.

Enter several KEEPERS.

First Keeper. The Report of a Gun was somewhere this Way, I'm sure.

Second Keeper. Yes; but I can never believe that any body would come a Deer-stealing so dark a Night as this.

Third Keeper. Where did the Deer harbour to-day?

Fourth Keeper. There was a Herd lay upon *Hamilton-Hill*, another just by *Robin Hood's Chair*, and a third here in *Mansfield Wood*.

First Keeper. Ay; those they have been amongst.

Second

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Second Keeper. But we shall never be able to find 'em to-night, 'tis so dark.

Third Keeper. No, no; let's go back again.

First Keeper. Zoons! you're afraid of a broken Head, I suppose, if we should find 'em; and so had rather sink back again. Hark! stand close. I hear 'em coming this Way.

Enter the COURTIERs.

First Courtier. Did not you hear somebody just now? Faith, I begin to be afraid we shall meet with some Misfortune to-night.

Second Courtier. Why if any body should take what we have got, we have made a fine Business of it.

Third Courtier. Let them take it if they will; I am so tir'd I shall make but small Resistance.

[The Keepers rush upon them.]

Second Keeper. Ay, Rogues, Rascals, and Villains; you have got it, have you?

Second Courtier. Indeed we have got but very little, but what we have you're welcome to, if you will but use us civilly.

First Keeper. O, yes! very civilly; you deserve to be us'd civilly, to be sure.

Fourth Courtier. Why, what have we done that we may not be civilly us'd?

First Keeper. Come, come, don't trifle, surrender.

First Courtier. I have but three Half-Crowns about me.

Second Courtier. Here's Three and Six-pence for you, Gentlemen.

Third Courtier. Here's my Watch; I have no Money at all.

Fourth Courtier. Indeed I have nothing in my Pocket but a Snuff-box.

Fourth Keeper. What! the Dogs want to bribe us, do they? No, Rascals; you shall go before the Justice to-morrow, depend on't.

Fourth Courtier. Before the Justice! What, for being robb'd?

First Keeper. For being robb'd! What do you mean? Who has robb'd you?

Fourth Courtier. Why, did not you just now demand our Money, Gentlemen?

Second Keeper. O, the Rascals! they will swear a Robbery against us, I warrant.

Fourth Courtier. A Robbery! Ay, to be sure.

First Keeper. No, no; we did not demand your Money, we demanded the Deer you have kill'd.

Fourth Courtier. The Devil take the Deer, I say; he led us a Chace of six Hours, and got away from us at last.

First Keeper. Zoons! ye Dogs, do ye think to banter us? I tell ye you have this Night shot one of the King's Deer; did not we hear the Gun go off? Did not we hear you say, you was afraid it should be taken from you?

Second Courtier. We were afraid our Money should be taken from us.

First Keeper. Come, come, no more shuffling: I tell ye, you're all Rogues, and we'll have you hanged, you may depend on't. Come, let's take them to old Cockle's; we're not far off; we'll keep 'em there all Night, and to-morrow Morning we'll away with 'em before the Justice.

Fourth Courtier. A very pretty Adventure! [*Exeunt.*]

Scene

Scene changes to the Mill.

KING, MILLER, MARGERY, and DICK, at
Supper.

Miller. Come, Sir, you must mend a bad Supper with a Glas of good Ale; here's King *Harry's* Health.

King. With all my Heart. Come, *Richard*, here's King *Harry's* Health; I hope you are Courtier enough to pledge me, are not you?

Dick. Yes, yes, Sir, I'll drink the King's Health with all my Heart.

Margery. Come, Sir, my humble Service to you, and much good may do ye with your poor Supper; I wish it had been better.

King. You need make no Apologies.

Margery. We are obliged to your Goodness in excusing our Rudeness.

Miller. Prithee, *Margery*, don't trouble the Gentleman with Compliments.

Margery. Lord, Husband, if one had no more Manners than you, the Gentleman would take us all for Hogs.

Miller. Now I think the more Compliments the less Manners.

King. I think so too. Compliments in Discourse, I believe, are like Ceremonies in Religion; the one has destroy'd all true Piety, and the other all Sincerity and plain Dealing.

Miller. Then a Fig for all Ceremony and Compliments too: give us thy Hand; and let us drink and be merry.

King. Right, honest Miller, let us drink and be merry. Come, have you got e'er a good Song?

Miller.

Miller. Ah! my singing Days are over, but my Man *Joe* has got an excellent one; and if you have a Mind to hear it, I'll call him in.

King. With all my Heart.

Miller. *Joe!*

Enter JOE.

Miller. Come, *Joe*, drink Boy; I have promis'd this Gentleman that you shall sing him your last new Song.

Joe. Well, Master, if you have promis'd it him, he shall have it.

S O N G.

I.

*How happy a State does the Miller possess?
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less;
On his Mill and himself he depends for Support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at Court.*

II.

*What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's be-powder'd, the more like a Bean;
A Clown in this Dress may be honest far
Than a Courtier who struts in his Garter and Star.*

III.

*Tho' his Hands are so dawb'd they're not fit to be seen,
The Hands of his Betters are not very clean;
A Palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold, in handling, will stick to the Fingers like Meal.*

IV.

IV.

*What if, when a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without Scruple, from other Men's Sacks;
In this of right noble Examples he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other Men's Bags.*

V.

*Or should he endeavour to heap an Estate,
In this he wou'd mimick the Tools of the State;
Whose Aim is alone their own Coffers to fill,
As all his Concern's to bring Grift to his Mill.*

VI.

*He eat's when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie;
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing:
If so happy a Miller, then who'd be a King?*

Miller. There's a Song for you.

King. He should go sing this at Court, I think.

Dick. I believe, if he's wise, he will chuse to stay at Home tho'.

Enter PEGGY.

Miller. What Wind blew you hither, pray! You have a good Share of Impudence, or you wou'd be asham'd to set your Foot within my House, methinks.

Peggy. Asham'd I am, indeed, but do not call me impudent. [Weeps.]

Dick. Dear Father, suspend your Anger for the present; that she is here now is by my Direction, and to do me Justice.

Peggy.

Peggy. To do that is all that is now in my Power; for as to myself, I am ruin'd past Redemption; my Character, my Virtue, my Peace, are gone: I am abandoned by my Friends, despis'd by the World, and expos'd to Misery and Want.

King. Pray let me know the Story of your Misfortunes; perhaps it may be in my Power to do something towards redressing them.

Peggy. That you may learn from him whom I have wrong'd; but as for me, Shame will not let me speak, or hear it told. [Exit.]

King. She's very pretty.

Dick. O, Sir, I once thought her an Angel; I lov'd her dearer than my Life, and did believe her Passion was the same for me: but a young Nobleman of this Neighbourhood happening to see her, her Youth and blooming Beauty presently struck his Fancy; a thousand Artifices were immediately employ'd to debauch and ruin her. But all his Arts were vain; not even the Promise of making her his Wife, could prevail upon her: In a little Time he found out her Love to me, and, imagining this to be the Cause of her Refusal, he, by forg'd Letters, and feign'd Stories, contriv'd to make her believe I was upon the Point of Marriage with another Woman. Possess'd with this Opinion, she, in a Rage, writes me Word, never to see her more; and, in Revenge, consented to her own undoing. Not contented with this, nor easy while I was so near her, he brib'd one of his cast-off Mistresses to swear a Child to me, which she did: this was the Occasion of my leaving my Friends, and flying to London.

King. And how does she propose to do you Justice?

Dick. Why, the King being now in this Forest a hunting, we design to take some Opportunity of throwing ourselves at his Majesty's Feet, and complaining of the Injustice done us by this noble Villain.

Miller. Ah! *Dick!* I expect but little Redress from such an Application. Things of this Nature are so common amongst the Great, that I am afraid it will only be made a Jest of.

King.

King. Those that can make a Jest of what ought to be shocking to Humanity, surely deserve not the Name of great or noble Men.

Dick. What do you think of it, Sir? If you belong to the Court, you, perhaps, may know something of the King's Temper.

King. Why, if I can judge of his Temper at all, I think he would not suffer the greatest Nobleman in his Court, to do an Injustice to the meanest Subject in his Kingdom. But pray, who is the Nobleman that is capable of such Actions as these?

Dick. Do you know my Lord *Lurewell*?

King. Yes.

Dick. That's the Man.

King. Well, I would have you put your Design in Execution. 'Tis my Opinion the King would not only hear your Complaint, but redress your Injuries.

Miller. I wish it may prove so.

Enter the KEEPERS, leading in the COURTIER.

First Keeper. Hola! Cockle! Where are ye? Why, Man, we have nabb'd a Pack of Rogues here just in the Fact.

King. Ha, ha, ha! What, turn'd Highwaymen, my Lords? or Deer-stealers?

First Courtier. I am very glad to find your Majesty in Health and Safety.

Second Courtier. We have run thro' a great many Perils and Dangers to-night: but the Joy of finding your Majesty so unexpectedly, will make us forget all we have suffer'd.

Miller and Dick. What! is this the King?

King. I am very glad to see you, my Lords, I confess; and particularly you, my Lord *Lurewell*.

Lurewell. Your Majesty does me Honour.

King. Yes, my Lord, and I will do you Justice too; your Honour has been highly wrong'd by this young Man.

Lurewell. Wrong'd, my Liege !

King. I hope so, my Lord ; for I would fain believe you can't be guilty of Baseness and Treachery.

Lurewell. I hope your Majesty will never find me so. What dares this Villain say ?

Dick. I am not to be frightened, my Lord. I dare speak Truth at any Time.

Lurewell. Whatever stains my Honour must be false.

King. I know it must, my Lord ; yet has this Man, not knowing who I was, presum'd to charge your Lordship, not only with great Injustice to himself, but also with ruining an innocent Virgin whom he lov'd, and who was to have been his Wife ; which, if true, were base and treacherous ; but I know 'tis false, and therefore leave it to your Lordship to say what Punishment I shall inflict upon him, for the Injury done to your Honour.

Lurewell. I thank your Majesty, I will not be severe he shall only ask my Pardon, and to-morrow Morning be oblig'd to marry the Creature he has traduc'd me with.

King. This is mild. Well, you hear your Sentence.

Dick. May I not have Leave to speak before your Majesty ?

King. What canst thou say ?

Dick. If I had your Majesty's Permission, I believe I have certain Witnesses which will undeniably prove the Truth of all I have accus'd his Lordship of.

King. Produce them.

Dick. Peggy !

Enter PEGGY.

King. Do you know this Woman, my Lord ?

Lurewell. I know her, please your Majesty, by Sight ; she is a Tenant's Daughter.

Peggy. [*Aside.*] Majesty ! What, is this the King ?

Dick. Yes.

King. Have you no particular Acquaintance with her ?

Lurewell.

Lurewell. Hum—I have not seen her these several Months.

Dick. True, my Lord; and that is Part of your Accusation; for, I believe, I have some Letters which will prove your Lordship once had a more particular Acquaintance with her. Here is one of the first his Lordship wrote to her, full of the tenderest and most solemn Protections of Love and Constancy; here is another which will inform your Majesty of the Pains he took to ruin her; there is an absolute Promise of Marriage before he could accomplish it.

King. What say you, my Lord, are these your Hand?

Lurewell. I believe, please your Majesty, I might have a little Affair of Gallantry with the Girl some time ago.

King. It was a little Affair, my Lord; a mean Affair; and what you call Gallantry, I call Infamy. Do you think, my Lord, that Greatness gives a Sanction to Wickedness? Or that it is the Prerogative of Lords to be unjust and inhumane? You remember the Sentence which yourself pronounc'd upon this innocent Man; you cannot think it hard that it should pass on you who are guilty.

Lurewell. I hope your Majesty will consider my Rank, and not oblige me to marry her.

King. Your Rank? my Lord. Greatness that stoops to Actions base and low, deserts its Rank, and pulls its Honours down. What makes your Lordship great! Is it your gilded Equipage and Dress? Then put it on your meanest Slave, and he's as great as you. Is it your Riches or Estate? The Villain that should plunder you of all, would then be as great as you. No, my Lord, he that acts greatly, is the true great Man. I therefore think you ought, in Justice, to marry her you thus have wrong'd.

Peggy. Let my Tears thank your Majesty. But alas! I am afraid to marry this young Lord: that would only give him Power to use me worse, and still encrease my Misery: I therefore beg your Majesty will not command him to do it.

King. Rise then, and hear me. My Lord, you see how low the greatest Nobleman may be reduced by ungenerous Actions. Here is, under your own Hand, an
absolute

absolute Promise of Marriage to this young Woman, which, from a thorough Knowledge of your Unworthiness, she has prudently declin'd to make you fulfil. I shall therefore not insist upon it; but I command you, upon Pain of my Displeasure, immediately to settle on her three hundred Pounds a Year.

Peggy. May Heaven reward your Majesty's Goodness, 'Tis too much for me; but if your Majesty thinks fit, let it be settled upon this much-injur'd Man, to make some Satisfaction for the Wrongs which have been done him. As to myself, I only fought to clear the Innocence of him I lov'd and wrong'd, then hide me from the World, and die forgiven.

Dick. This Act of gen'rous Virtue cancels all past Failings; come to my Arms, and be as dear as ever.

Peggy. You cannot sure forgive me!

Dick. I can, I do, and still will make you mine.

Peggy. O! why did I ever wrong such generous Love?

Dick. Talk no more of it. Here let us kneel, and thank the Goodness which has made us blest.

King. May you be happy.

Miller. [*Kneels.*] After I have seen so much of your Majesty's Goodness, I cannot despair of Pardon, even for the rough Usage your Majesty received from me.

[*The King draws his Sword, the Miller is frightened, and rises up, thinking he was going to kill him.*]

What have I done that I should lose my Life?

King. Kneel without Fear. No, my good Host, so far are you from having any thing to pardon, that I am much your Debtor. I cannot think but so good and honest a Man will make a worthy and honourable Knight; so rise up, Sir *John Cockle*: And, to support your State, and in some sort requite the Pleasure you have done us, a thousand Marks a Year shall be your Revenue.

Miller. Your Majesty's Bounty I receive with Thankfulness; I have been guilty of no Meanness to obtain it, and hope I shall not be obliged to keep it upon base Conditions; for tho' I am willing to be a faithful Subject, I am resolved to be a free, and an honest Man.

King.

King. I rely upon your being so: and, to gain the Friendship of such a one, I shall always think an Addition to my Happiness, tho' a King.

*Worth, in whatever State, is sure a Prize,
Which Kings, of all Men, ought not to despise;
By selfish Sycophants so close besieg'd,
'Tis by mere Chance a worthy Man's oblig'd:
But hence, to every Courtier be it known,
Virtue shall find Protection from the Throne.*



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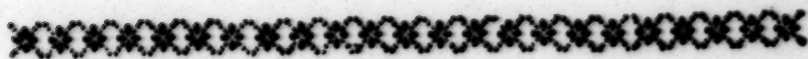
Sir JOHN COCKLE

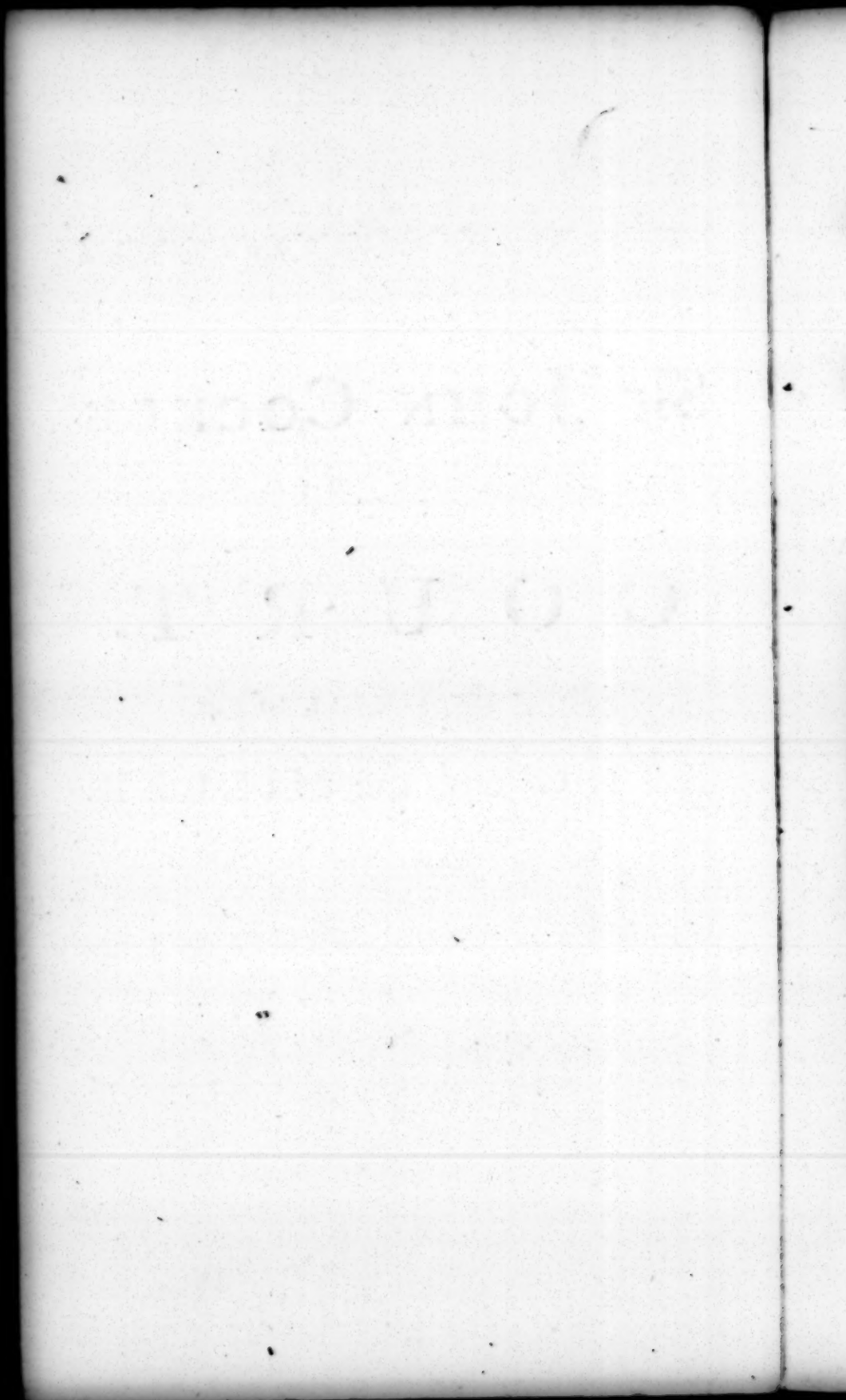
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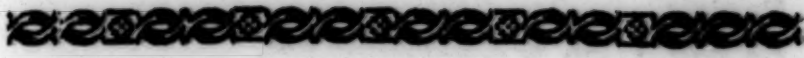
C O U R T.

Being the SEQUEL to the

KING and the MILLER.







PROLOGUE.

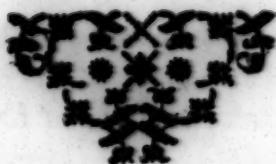
Spoken by Mr. CIBBER.

AS some poor Orphan, at the friendly Gate
Where once reliev'd, again presumes to wait;
So mov'd by former Kindness to him shewn,
Our honest MILLER ventures up to Town.
He greets you all. His hearty Thanks I bear
To each kind Friend. He hopes you're all so here.
Hopes the same Favour you'll continue still
At Court, which late you shew'd him at the Mill.
Why should you not? If plain untutor'd Sense
Should speak blunt Truths, who here will take Offence?
For common Right he pleads, no Party's Slave;
A Foe, on either Side, to Fool and Knave.
Free, as at Mansfield, he at Court appears,
Still uncorrupted by mean Hopes and Fears.
Plainly his Mind does to his Prince impart,
Alone embolden'd by an honest Heart.
These are his Merits——on this Plea I sue——
But humbly he refers his Cause to you.

PROLOGUE.

* “ *Small Faults, we hope, with Candour you’ll excuse,
“ Nor harshly treat a self-convicted Muse.
If, after Tryal, he should Mercy find,
He’ll own that Mercy with a grateful Mind ;
Or, by strict Justice, if he’s doom’d to Death,
Will then, without Appeal, resign his Breath.*

* These two Lines were added after the first Night’s Performance, occasioned by some Things which the Audience very justly found fault with ; and which, the second time, were left out, or alter’d as much as possible ; and the Author takes this opportunity of thanking the Town for so judiciously and favourably correcting him.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

LORD! what a stupid Race these Poets are!
This timorous Fool has made me mad, I swear:
Here have I teaz'd him every Day this Week
To get an Epilogue—'tis still to seek.
No, no, he cry'd: I fear 'twill meet sad Fate;
And can one thank an Audience after that?
Well, Mr. What-dye-call't, said I, suppose it shou'd;
A merry Epilogue might do it good.
Yes, Madam, said he, and smil'd—if I could write
With Humour fit for you to speak, it might.
'Twas very civil of the Man indeed——
Come, come, said I, write something, never heed:
Well—if it please, said he,—on that Condition,
Pray make my Compliments, with due Submission,
The Matter and the Words I leave to you——
I thank'd him; and I'll try what I can do.

Our Author thanks you for the Favour shewn him,
The Man is modest; that I must say on him.
He says, 'tis your Indulgence, not his Merit——
But, were I he, faith I'd pluck up a Spirit;
I think 'tis meanly giving up his Cause,
To claim no Merit, when he has your Applause.
Were I to compliment you as I wou'd,
I'd say, you lik'd the Thing, because 'twas good.
But he must have his Way—and so to you
His grateful Thanks I give, as justly due.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N

<i>The King,</i>	Mr. Cibber.
<i>Sir John Cockle.</i>	Mr. Miller.
<i>Sir Timothy Flash.</i>	Mr. Beard.
<i>Greenwood.</i>	Mr. Hill.
<i>Buckram, a Taylor.</i>	Mr. Gray.
<i>Barber.</i>	Mr. Ray.
<i>French Cook.</i>	Mr. Woodward.
<i>Vintner.</i>	Mr. Turbett.
<i>Joe.</i>	Mr. Marshall.
<i>Three Courtiers.</i>	{ Mr. Rafter.
	{ Mr. Woodbourn.
	{ Mr. Leigh.

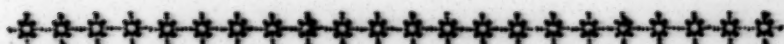
W O M E N.

<i>Miss Kitty.</i>	Mrs. Clive.
<i>Mrs. Starch.</i>	Miss Toller.

Sir JOHN COCKLE

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C O U R T.

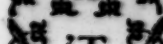


SCENE I.

Sir JOHN, Taylor, Barber, and JOE.

Taylor.

 IS the Fashion, Sir, I assure you.

 *Sir John.* Fashions are for Fools, don't tell me of Fashion. Must a Man make an Ass of himself, because it's the Fashion?

 *Taylor.* But you would be like other Folks, Sir, wou'd not you?

Sir John. No, Sir, if this is their Likeness, I wou'd not be like other Folks. Why, a Man might as well be cas'd up in Armour; here's Buckram and Whalebone enough to turn a Bullet.

Joe. Sir, here's the Barber has brought ye home a new Periwig.

Sir John. Let him come in. Come, Friend, let's see if you're as good at Fashions as Mr. *Buckram* here. What the Devil's this?

Barber. The Bag, Sir.

Sir John. The Bag, Sir! And what's this Bag for, Sir? This is not the Fashion too, I hope.

Barber. It's what is very much wore, Sir, indeed.

Sir John. Wore, Sir! how is it wore? where is it wore? what is it for?

Barber. Sir, it is only for Ornament.

Sir John. O, 'tis an Ornament! I beg your Pardon! Now, positively, I should not have taken this for an Ornament. My poor grey Hairs are, in my Opinion, much more becoming. But, come, put it on. There, now, what do you think I am like?

Joe. I cod Measter, you're not like the fame Mon, I'm sure.

Barber. Sir, 'tis very genteel, I assure you.

Sir John. Genteel! ay, that it may be, for aught I know, but I'm sure 'tis very ugly.

Barber. They wear nothing else in *France*, Sir.

Sir John. In *France*, Sir! what's *France* to me? I'm an *Englishman*, Sir, and know no Right the Fools of *France* have to be my Examples. Here, take it again; I'll have none of your new fangled *French* Fopperies: and if you please, I'll make you a Present of this fine fashionable Coat again. Fashion, indeed!

[*Exeunt Taylor, Barber, and Joe.*]

Re-enter JOE with the French Cook.

Joe. Sir, here's a fine Gentleman wants to speak with you.

Cook. Sir, me have hear dat your Honour, want one Cook.

Sir John. Sir, you are very obliging; I suppose you wou'd recommend one to me. But, as I don't know you—

Cook. No, no, Sir, me am one Cook myself, and wou'd be proud of de Honour to serve you.

Sir John. You a Cook! and pray, what Wages may you expect, to afford such Finery as that?

Cook.

Cook. Me vill have one hundred Guinea a Year, no more; and two or three Servant under me to do de Work.

Sir John. Hum! very reasonable truly! And, pray, what extraordinary Matters can you do to deserve such Wages?

Cook. O, me can make you one hundred Dish de *Englis* know noting of; me can make you de portable Soup to put in your Pocket; me can dress you de Fowl *a-la Marli, en Galantine, a-la Montmorancy; de Duck, en Grinadin; de Chicken, a-la Chombre; de Turkey, en Botine; de Pidgeon, en Mirliton, a l' Italienne, a-la d' Huxelles*: en fine, me can give you de Essence of five or six Ham, and de Juice of ten or twelve stone of Beef, all in de Sauce of one littel Dish.

Sir John. Very fine! At this Rate no wonder the poor are starv'd, and the Butcher unpaid. No, I will have no such Cooks, I promise you; it is the Luxury and Extravagance introduc'd by such *French* Kickshaw-mongers as you, that has devour'd and destroy'd old *English* Hospitality. Go, go about your Business; I have no Mind to be beggar'd, nor to beggar honest Tradesmen.
Joe! [Exit Cook.]

Joe. Sir.

Sir John. Let my Daughter know the King has sent for me, and I am gone to Court to wait on his Majesty.

Joe. Yes, Sir.

[Exit.]



SCENE II.

The KING and several COURTIERs.

King. Well, my Lords, our old Friend the Miller of *Mansfield* is arriv'd at last.

First Courtier. He has been in Town two or three Days; has not your Majesty seen him yet?

King. No, but I have sent for him to attend me this Evening; and I design, with only you, my Lords, who
are

are now present, to entertain myself a while with his honest Freedom. He will be here presently.

Second Courtier. He must certainly divert your Majesty.

Third Courtier. He may be diverting, perhaps; but if I may speak my Mind freely, I think there is something too plain and rough in his Behaviour for your Majesty to bear.

King. Your Lordship, perhaps, may be afraid of plain Truth and Sincerity, but I am not.

Third Courtier. I beg your Majesty's Pardon; I did not suppose you was; I only think there is a certain Awe and Reverence due to your Majesty, which I am afraid his Want of Politeness may make him transgress.

King. My Lord, whilst I love my Subjects, and preserve to them all their Rights and Liberties, I doubt not of meeting with a proper Respect from the roughest of them: but as for that Awe and Reverence which your Politeness would flatter me with, I love it not. I will, that all my Subjects treat me with Sincerity. An honest Freedom of Speech, as it is every honest Man's Right, so none can be afraid of it but he that is conscious to himself of Ill-deservings. Sound Maxims, and right Conduct, can never be ridicul'd; and where the contrary prevail, the severest Censure is the greatest Kindness.

Third Courtier. I believe your Majesty is in the right, and I stand corrected.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

Gentleman. May it please your Majesty, here is a Person who calls himself Sir *John Cockle*, the Miller of *Mansfield*, begs Admittance to your Majesty.

King. Conduct him in.

Enter Sir JOHN.

King. Honest Sir *John Cockle*, you are welcome to London.

Sir John. I thank your Majesty for the Honour you do me, and am glad to find your Majesty in good Health.

King. But pray, Sir *John*, why in the Habit of a Miller yet? What I gave you was with a Design to set you
above

above the mean Dependence of a Trade for Subsistence.

Sir John. Your Majesty will pardon my Freedom. Whilst my Trade will support me, I am independent, and I look upon that to be more honourable in an *Englishman* than any Dependence whatsoever. I am a plain, blunt Man, and may possibly, some time or other, offend your Majesty; and where then is my Subsistence?

King. And dare you not trust the Honour of a King?

Sir John. Without doubt I might trust your Majesty very safely; but in general, though the Honour of Kings ought to be more sacred, the Humour of Kings is like that of other Men; and when they please to change their Mind, who shall dare to call their Honour in question?

King. *Sir John*, you are in the right, and I am glad to see you maintain that noble Freedom of Spirit: I wish all my Subjects were as independent on me as you resolve to be; I should then hear more Truth and less Flattery. But come, what News? How does my Lady and your Son *Richard*?

Sir John. I thank your Majesty, *Margery* is very well, and so is *Dick*.

King. I hope you have brought her up to Town with you.

Sir John. She has displeas'd me of late very much.

King. In what?

Sir John. You shall hear. When I was only plain *John Cockle*, the Miller of *Mansfield*, a Farmer's Son in the Neighbourhood made Love to my Daughter. He was a worthy, honest Man. He lov'd my Daughter sincerely, and, to all appearance, her Affections were placed on him. I approv'd of the Match, and gave him my Consent. But when your Majesty's Bounty had rais'd my Fortune and Condition, my Daughter *Kate* became Miss *Kitty*: She grew a fine Girl, and was presently taken notice of by the young Gentlemen of the Country. Amongst the rest, *Sir Timothy Flash*, a young, rakish, extravagant Knight, made his Addresses to her; his Title, his Dress, his Equipage, dazzled her Eyes and her Understanding; and fond, I suppose, of being made a Lady, she despises and forsakes her first Lover, the honest Farmer,

and

and is determined to marry this mad, wrong-headed Knight.

King. And is this the Occasion of your Displeasure ? I should think you had rather Cause to rejoice that she was so prudent. What ! do you think it no Advantage to your Daughter, nor Honour to yourself, to be ally'd to so great a Man ?

Sir John. It may be an Honour to be ally'd to a great Man, when a great Man is a Man of Honour ; but that is not always the Case. Besides, nothing that is unjust, can be either prudent or honourable : And the breaking her Faith and Promise with a Man that lov'd, and every Way deserv'd her, merely for the Sake of a little Vanity, or Self-interest, is an Action that I am asham'd my Daughter could be guilty of.

King. Why you are the most extraordinary Man, I ever knew : I have heard of Fathers, quarrelling with their Children for marrying foolishly for Love ; but you are so singular, as to blame your's for marrying wisely for Interest.

Sir John. Why, I may differ a little from the common Practice of my Neighbours——But I hope your Majesty does not, therefore, think me to blame.

King. No : Singularity in the right, is never a Crime. If you are satisfied your Actions are just, let the World blush that they are singular.

Sir John. Nay, and I am, perhaps, not so regardless of Interest as your Majesty may apprehend. It is very possible a Knight, or even a Lord, may be poor as well as a Farmer. No Offence, I hope.

[Turning to the Courtiers.

Courtier. No, no, no. Impertinent Fellow. [Aside.

King. Well, *Sir John*, I shall be glad to hear more of this Affair another Time ; but tell me now how you like *London*. Your Son *Richard*, I remember, gave a very satirical Description of it ; I hope you are better entertain'd.

Sir John. So well, that I assure your Majesty, I am in Admiration and Wonder all Day long.

King. Ay ! well, let us hear what it is you admire and wonder at.

Sir John.

Sir John. Almost every thing I see or hear of. When I see the Splendor and Magnificence in which some Noblemen appear, I admire their Riches; but when I hear of their Debts, and their Mortgages, I wonder at their Folly. When I hear of a Dinner costing an hundred Pounds, I am surpriz'd that one Man should have so many Friends to entertain; but when I am told, that it was made only for five or six squeamish Lords, or piddling Ladies, that eat not, perhaps, an Ounce a-piece, I am quite astonish'd. When I hear of an Estate of twenty or thirty Thousand a Year, I envy the Man that has it in his Power to do so much Good, and wonder how he disposes of it; but when I am told of the necessary Expences of a Gentleman in Horses and Whores, and Eating and Drinking, and Dressing and Gaming, I am surpriz'd that the poor Man is able to live. In short, when I consider our publick Credit, our Honour, our Courage, our Freedom, our publick Spirit, I am surpriz'd, amaz'd, astonish'd, and confounded.

First Courtier. Is not this bold, Sir?

Sir John. Perhaps it may; but I suppose his Majesty would not have an *Englishman* a Coward?

King. Far from it. Let the generous Spirit of Freedom reign uncheck'd: To speak his Mind, is the undoubted Right of every *Briton*; and be it the Glory of my Reign, that all my Subjects enjoy that honest Liberty. 'Tis my Wish to redress all Grievances; to right all Wrongs: but Kings, alas! are but fallible Men; Errors in Government will happen, as well as Failings in private Life, and ought to be candidly imputed. And let me ask you one Question, *Sir John*. Do you really think you could honestly withstand all the Temptations that Wealth and Power would lay before you?

Sir John. I will not boast before your Majesty; perhaps I could not. Yet give me leave to say, the Man whom Wealth or Power can make a Villain, is sure unworthy of possessing either.

King. Suppose Self-interest too should clash with publick Duty?

Sir

Sir John. Suppose it should: 'Tis always a Man's Duty to be just; and doubly his with whom the Publick trust their Rights and Liberties.

King. I think so; nay, he who cannot scorn the narrow Interest of his own poor self, to serve his Country, and defend her Rights, deserves not the Protection of a Country to defend his own; at least, should not be trusted with the Rights of other Men.

Sir John. I wish no such were ever trusted.

King. I wish so too: But how are Kings to know the Hearts of Men?

Sir John. 'Tis difficult indeed; yet something might be done.

King. What?

Sir John. The Man whom a King employs, or a Nation trusts, should be thoroughly try'd. Examine his private Character; mark how he lives; is he luxurious, or proud, or ambitious, or extravagant; avoid him: The Soul of that Man is mean; Necessity will press him, and publick Fraud must pay his private Debts. But if you find a Man with a clear Head, sound Judgment, and a right honest Heart; that is the Man to serve both you and his Country.

King. You're right; and such by me shall ever be distinguish'd. 'Tis both my Duty and my Interest to promote 'em. To such, if I give Wealth, it will enrich the Publick; to such, if I give Power, the Nation will be mighty; to such, if I give Honour, I shall raise my own. But surely, *Sir John*, your's is not the Language, nor the Sentiments of a common Miller; how, in a Cottage, could you gain this Superior Wisdom?

Sir John. Wisdom is not confin'd to Palaces; nor always to be bought with Gold. I read often, and think sometimes; and he who does that, may gain some Knowledge, even in a Cottage. As for any thing superior, I pretend not to it. What I have said, I hope is plain good Sense; at least 'tis honest, and well meant.

King. *Sir John*, I think so; and, to convince you how much I esteem your plain Dealing and Sincerity of Heart, receive this Ring as a Mark of my Favour.

Sir John. I thank your Majesty.

King.

King. Don't thank me now ; at present I have Business that must be dispatch'd, and will desire you to leave me ; before 'tis long I'll see you again.

Sir John. I wish your Majesty a good Night. [*Exit.*]

King. Well, my Lords, what do you think of this Miller ?

First Courtier. He talks well ; what he is in the Bottom I don't know.

Second Courtier. I'm afraid not sound.

Third Courtier. I fancy he's set on by somebody to impose upon your Majesty with this fair Shew of Honesty.

First Courtier. Or is not he some cunning Knave, that wants to work himself into your Majesty's Favour ?

King. I have a Fancy come into my Head to try him ; which I'll communicate to you, and put in Execution immediately. An Hour hence, my Lords, I shall expect to see you at Sir John's. [*Exeunt.*]



[S C E N E III.

A Tavern.

Sir TIMOTHY FLASH, the LANDLORD, and GREENWOOD.

Sir Timothy. Honest *Bacchus*, how dost thou do ?

Landlord. Sir, I am very glad to see you ; pray when did you come to Town ?

Sir Timothy. Yesterday ; and on an Affair that I shall want a little of your Assistance in.

Landlord. Any thing in my Power, you know, you may command.

Sir Timothy. You must know then, I have an Intrigue with a young Lady that's just come to Town with her Father, and want an agreeable House to meet her at ; can you recommend one to me ?

Landlord.

Landlord. I can recommend you, Sir, to the most convenient Woman in all *London*. What think you of Mrs. *Whedde*?

Sir Timothy. The best Woman in all the World: I know her very well; how cou'd I be so stupid not to think of her? *Greenwood*, do you know where our Country Neighbour, *Sir John Cockle*, lodges?

Greenwood. Yes, Sir.

Sir Timothy. Don't be out of the Way then; I shall send a Letter by you presently, which you must deliver privately into Miss *Kitty*'s own Hand. If she comes with you, I shall give you Directions where to conduct her, and do you come back here and let me know.

Greenwood. Yes, Sir. Poor *Kitty*, is it thus thy Falsehood to me is to be punish'd? I will prevent thy Ruin however. [Exit.]

Sir TIMOTHY sings.

*O the pleasing, pleasing Joys
Which in Women we possess!
O the Raptures which arise!
They alone have Power to bless!*

*Beauty smiling,
Wit beguiling,
Kindness charming,
Fancy warming,
Kissing, toying,
Melting, dying,
O the Raptures which arise!
O the pleasing, pleasing Joys!*

Landlord. You are a merry Wag.

Sir Timothy. Merry, ay! why what is Life without enjoying the Pleasures of it? Come, I'll write this Letter, and then, honest *Bacchus*, we'll taste what Wine thou hast got.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Miss KITTY and Mrs. STARCH.

Miss. But pray, *Mrs. Starch*, does all new Fashions come up first at Court?

Mrs. Starch. O dear, Madam, yes. They do nothing else there but study new Fashions. That's what the Court is for: And we Milliners, and Taylors, and Barbers, and Mantua-makers, go there to learn Fashions for the Good of the Publick.

Miss. But, Madam; was not you saying just now that it was the Fashion for the Ladies to paint themselves?

Mrs. Starch. Yes.

Miss. Well, that is pure; then one may be as handsome as ever one will, you know. And if it was not for a few Freckles, I believe I should be very well, should not I, *Mrs. Starch*?

Mrs. Starch. Indeed, Madam, you are very handsome.

Miss. Nay, don't flatter me now; do you really think I am handsome?

Mrs. Starch. Upon my Word you are. What a Shape is there! What a genteel Air! What a sparkling Eye!

Miss. Indeed, I doubt you flatter me. Not but I have an Eye, and can make use of it too as well as the best of them, if I please.

S O N G.

*The' born in a Country Town,
The Beauties of London unknown,
My Heart is as tender,
My Waist is as slender,
My Skin is as white,
My Eyes are as bright
As the best of them all,
That twinkle or sparkle at Court or Ball.*

I can

Sir John Cockle at Court.

*I can ogle and sigh,
Then frown and be coy;
False Sorrow
Now borrow,
And rise in a Rage;
Then languish
In Anguish,
And softly, and softly engage.*

But pray, *Mrs. Starch*, which do you think the most genteel Walk now? To trip it away o' this Manner? or to swim smoothly along, thus?

Mrs. Starch. They both become you extremely.

Miss. Do they really? I'm glad you think so, for, indeed, I believe you are a very good Judge. And, now I think on't, I'll have your Opinion in something else. What do you think it is that makes a fine Lady?

Mrs. Starch. Why, Madam, a fine Person, fine Wit, fine Airs, and fine Cloaths.

Miss. Well, you have told me already that I'm very handsome, you know, so that's one thing; but, as for Wit, what's that? I don't know what that is, *Mrs. Starch*.

Mrs. Starch. O Madam, Wit is, as one may say, — the — the being very witty; that is — comical, as it were; doing something to make every-body laugh.

Miss. O, is that all? nay, then I can be as witty as any body, for I am very comical. Well, but what's the next? Fine Airs; O, let me alone for fine Airs; I have Airs enough, if I can but get Lovers to practise 'em upon. And then, fine Cloaths, why, these are very fine Cloaths, I think; don't you think so, *Mrs. Starch*?

Mrs. Starch. Yes, Madam.

Enter Sir JOHN, observing them.

Miss. And is not this a very pretty Cap too? Does not it become me?

Mrs. Starch. Yes, Madam.

Miss. But don't you think this Hoop a little too big?

Sir John. No, no, too big! no. Not above six or seven Yards round.

Mrs.

Mrs. Starch. Indeed, Sir, it's within the Circumference of the Mode a great deal.

Sir John. That it may be, but I'm sure its beyond the Circumference of Modesty a great deal.

Miss. Lord, papa, can't you dress yourself as you've a Mind, and let us alone. How should you know any thing of Women's Fashions? Come, let us go into the next Room.

[*Exeunt Miss and Mrs. Starch.*]

Enter JOE with GREENWOOD.

Joe. Sir, here's one that you'll be very glad to see.

Sir John. Who is it? — What, honest *Greenwood*? May I believe my Eyes?

Greenwood. Sir, I am very glad to see you; I hope all your Family are well.

Sir John. Very well. But, for Heaven's sake, what has brought thee to *London*? What's the Meaning of this Livery? I don't understand thee.

Greenwood. I don't wonder that you are surprized; but I will explain myself. You know the faithful, honest Love I bear your Daughter, and you are sensible, since the Addresses of *Sir Timothy Flaub*, how much her Falshood has grieved me; yet, more for her Sake, even than my own: my own 'Unhappiness I could endure with Patience, but the Thoughts of seeing her reduced to Shame and Misery, I cannot bear.

Sir John. What dost thou mean?

Greenwood. I very much suspect his Designs upon her are not honourable.

Sir John. Not honourable! he dare not wrong me so! — But, go on.

Greenwood. Immediately after you had left the Country, hearing that he was hastening to *London* after you, and wanted a Servant, I went and offer'd myself, resolving, by a strict Watch on all his Actions, to prevent, if possible, the Ruin of her I cannot but love, how ill soever I have been treated. Not knowing me to be his Rival, he brought me along with him. We arrived in *London* yesterday,

46 *Sir John Cockle at Court.*

yesterday, and I am now sent by him to give your Daughter privately this Letter.

Sir John. What can it tend to? I know not what to think; but if I find he dares to mean me Wrong, by this good Hand——

Greenwood. Then, let me tell ye, he means you villainous Wrong. The Ruin of your Daughter is contrived; I heard the Plot; and this very Letter is to be put in Execution.

Sir John. What shall I do?

Greenwood. Leave all to me. I'll deliver the Letter, and, by her Behaviour, we shall know better how to take our Measures. But how shall I see her?

Sir John. She is in the next Room; I'll go in and send her to you.

Greenwood. If you tell her who it is, perhaps she will not be seen.

Sir John. I won't.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Miss KITTY.

Miss. Bless me! is not that Sir *Timothy's* Liv'ry! [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir, is Sir *Timothy Flagg* come to Town?

Greenwood. Yes, Madam.

Miss. Good lack! is it you? What new Whim have you got in your Head now, pray?

Greenwood. No new Whim in my Head, but an old one in my Heart, which, I am afraid, will not be easily remov'd.

Miss. Indeed, young Man, I'm sorry for it; but you have had my Answer already, and I wonder you should trouble me again.

Greenwood. And is it thus you receive me! Is this the Reward of all my faithful Love?

Miss. Can I help your being in Love? I'm sure I don't desire it; I wish you wou'd not tease me with your impertinent Love any more.

Greenwood. Why then did you encourage it? For, give me leave to say, you once did love me.

Miss.

Miss. Perhaps I might, when I thought myself but your Equal; but now, I think, you cannot in Modesty pretend to me any longer.

Greenwood. Vain, foolish Girl! for Heaven's Sake, what Alteration do you find in yourself for the better? In what, I wonder, does the fine Lady differ from the Miller's Daughter? Have you more Wit, more Sense, or more Virtue, than you had before? Or are you in any thing alter'd from your former Self, except in Pride, Folly, and Affectation?

Miss. Sir, let me tell you these are Liberties that don't become you at all. Miller's Daughter!

Greenwood. Come, come, Kitty, for Shame lay aside these foolish Airs of the fine Lady; return to yourself, and let me ask you one serious Question; do you really think Sir *Timothy* designs to marry you?

Miss. You are very impertinent to ask me such a Question; but to silence your Presumption for ever—I'm sure he designs it.

Greenwood. I'm glad she thinks so however. [*Aside.*] Nay, then, I do not expect you will resign the flattering Prospect of Wealth and Grandeur, to live in a Cottage on a little Farm. 'Tis true, I shall be independent of all the World; my Farm, however small, will be my own, unmortgaged.

Miss. Psha! can you buy me fine Cloaths? Can you keep me a Coach? Can you make me a Lady? If not, I advise you to go down again to your pitiful Farm, and marry somebody suitable to your Rank.

S O N G.

*Adieu to your Cart and your Plough;
I scorn to milk your Cow.*

*Your Turkeys and Geese,
Your Butter and Cheese,
Are much below me now.*

*If ever I wed,
I'll hold up my Head,
And be a fine Lady I vow.*

And so, Sir, your very humble Servant.

Greenwood.

Greenwood. Nay, Madam, you shall not leave me yet; I have something more to say before we part. Suppose this worthy, honourable Knight, instead of Marriage, should only have a base Design upon your Virtue.

Miss. He scorns it: No, he loves me, and I know will marry me.

Greenwood. Dear Kitty, be not deceived; I know he will not.

Kitty. You know nothing of the Matter.

Greenwood. Read that, and be convinc'd. [*She reads.*]

My dear Angel,

I Could no longer stay in the Country, when you was not there to make it agreeable. I came to Town yesterday; and beg, if possible, you will, this Evening, make me happy with your Company. I will meet you at a Relation's; my Servant will conduct you to the House. I am impatient 'till I throw myself into your Arms, and convince you how much I am,

Your fond and passionate Admirer.

TIMOTHY FLASH.

Miss. Well, and what is there in this to convince me of his ill Intentions?

Greenwood. Enough, I think. If his Designs are honourable, why are they not open? Why does he not come to your Father's House, and make his Proposals? Why are you to be met in the Dark at a Stranger's?

Miss. Let me see; "I'll meet you at a Relation's; my Servant will conduct you;" indeed I don't know what to think of that.

Greenwood. I'll tell you, Madam; that pretended Relation is a notorious Bawd.

Miss. 'Tis false; you have contriv'd this Story to abuse me.

Greenwood. No, Kitty, so well I love you, that, if I thought his Designs were just, I could rejoice in your Happiness, though at the Expence of my own.

Miss.

Miss. You strangely surprize me; I wish I knew the Truth.

Greenwood. To convince you of my Truth, here is a Direction to the House in his own Hand, which he himself gave me, lest I should mistake: Whither, if you still doubt my Sincerity, and think proper to go, I am ready to be your Conductor.

Miss. And is this the End of all his Designs! have I been courted only to my Ruin! my Eyes are now too clearly open'd. What have I been doing?

Greenwood. If you are but so convinc'd of your Danger, as to avoid it, I am satisfy'd.

Enter Sir JOHN.

Sir John. What do I hear? Are you reconcil'd then?

Miss. My dear Father! I have been cheated and abused.

Sir John. I hope your Virtue is untouch'd.

Miss. That I will always preserve.

Sir John. Then I forgive you any thing. But how shall we be reveng'd on this Scoundrel Knight?

Miss. Contrive but that, and I am easy.

Greenwood. As his base Designs have not been executed, I think if we could expose and laugh at him, it would be sufficient Punishment.

Sir John. If it could be done severely.

Miss. I think it may. I believe I have found out a Way to be reveng'd on him; come with me into the next Room, and we'll put it in Execution.

Enter a Servant.

Sir, a Gentleman desires to speak with you.

Sir John. I'll come to him.—Go you together, d'ye hear, and contrive your Design.

[*They go out severally.*]

S C E N E V.

Sir JOHN, and the KING, disguis'd as a Collegiate.

Sir John. No Compliments, I tell ye, but come to the Point: What is your Business?

King. As I appear to you in the Habit of a Collegiate, you may fancy I am some queer pedantic Fellow; but I assure you I am a Person of some Birth, and had a liberal Education. I have seen the World, and kept the best Company. But living a little too freely, and having spent the greatest Part of my Fortune on Women and Wine, I was persuaded, by a certain Nobleman, to take Orders, and he would give me a Living, which he said was coming into his Hands. I was just closing with the Proposal, when the spiteful Incumbent recover'd, and I was disappointed.

Sir John. Well, and what's all this to me?

King. Why, Sir, there is a Living now fallen, which is in the King's Gift, and I hear you have so good an Interest with his Majesty, that I am persuaded a Word from you, in my Favour, would be of great Service to me.

Sir John. And what must that Word be, pray?

King. Nay, that I leave to you.

Sir John. You are in the right; and I'll tell you what it shall be. That you being a senseless, idle-headed Fellow, and having ruin'd yourself by your own Folly and Extravagance; you therefore think yourself highly qualified to teach Mankind their Duty. Will that do?

King. You are in Jest, Sir.

Sir John. Upon my Word, but I am in earnest. I think he that recommends a profligate Wretch to the most serious Function in Life, merely for the Sake of a Joke, gives as bad a Proof of his Morals, as he does of his Wit.

King. Sir, I honour your plain Dealing. You exactly answer the Character I have heard of your uncommon Sincerity; and, to let you see that I am capable of something, I have wrote a Poem in Praise of that Virtue, which I beg Leave to present to you, and hope you will receive it kindly. [*Gives him the Poem.*]

Sir John. Sir, I am not us'd to these Things: I don't understand 'em at all; but, let's see. [*Sir John reads. A Poem in Praise of the incomparable Sincerity and uncommon Honesty of the worthy Sir JOHN COCKLE, &c.*]—Enough, enough; a Poem in Praise of Sincerity, with a fulsome Compliment in the very Title, is extraordinary indeed. Sir, I am obliged to you for your kind Intentions; your Wit and your Poetry may be very fine, for aught I know; but a little more common Sense, I believe, could do you no harm.

King. He is not to be flatter'd, I find; but I'll try what Bribery will do. That, I'm afraid, hits every Body's Taste. [*Aside.*]—Shall I beg one Word more with you? Sir, you are a Gentleman of the greatest Sincerity and Honour I ever met with, and, for that Reason, I shall always have the highest Regard for you in the World, and for all that belong to you. I hear your Daughter is going to be married; let me beg Leave to present her with this Diamond Buckle.

Sir John. Sir, you surprize me very much; pray, what may the Value of this be?

King. That's not worth mentioning; about five hundred Pounds, I believe.

Sir John. Why, did not you tell me, just now, that you had spent all your Fortune?

King. I did so; But it was for a particular Reason; and you shall find I am not so poor as I represented myself.

Sir John. I am glad of it. But, pray how am I to return this extraordinary Generosity?

King. I expect no Return, Sir, upon my Honour. Tho' you have it in your Power to oblige me very much.

Sir John. Don't mention the Living, for that I have told you already you are not fit for.

King. I won't. But there is a certain Place at Court of another Kind, which I have long had a Mind to: 'Tis true, there is a forry insignificant Fellow in Possession of it at present; but he's of no Service; and, I know your Power with the King, a Word or two from you would soon dispossess him.

Sir John. But what must he be dispossess'd for?

King. To make Room for me, that's all.

Sir John. Hum — Indeed, it won't do with me — here, take it again; and let me tell you, I am not to be flatter'd into a foolish Thing, nor brib'd into a base one.

King, discovering himself.] Then thou art my Friend; and I will keep thee next my Heart.

Sir John. And is it your Majesty?

King. Be not surpriz'd; it is your own Maxim, that a King cannot be too cautious in trying those whom he designs to trust. Forgive this Disguise; I have try'd thy Honesty, and will no longer suspect it.

Enter GREENWOOD.

Greenwood. Sir, I am come to let Miss Kitty know privately, that my Master will be here disguis'd immediately.

Sir John. Will he? Well, go into the next Room and tell her so. If your Majesty will be so good as to retire in this Chamber a-while, you will hear something, perhaps, that will divert you.

Enter JOE.

Joe. Sir, here's a Maid Servant come to be hir'd.

Sir John. Let her come in, I'll speak to her presently.
[Exit with the King.]

Enter Sir TIMOTHY, disguis'd as a Maid Servant.

Sir Timothy. Well, I am obliged to the dear Girl for this kind Contrivance of getting me into the House with her. 'Twill be charmingly convenient —

Re-enter

Re-enter Sir JOHN.

Sir Timothy. Sir, I heard that the young Lady, your Daughter, wanted a Servant, and I should be proud of the Honour to serve her.

Sir John. My Daughter will be here presently. Pray, my Dear, what's your Name?

Sir Timothy. Faith I never thought of that, what shall I say? (*Aside.*) *Betty, Sir.*

Sir John. And pray, Mrs. *Betty*, who did you live with last?

Sir Timothy. Pox of his Impertinence; he has non-plus'd me again. (*Aside.*) Sir, I — I — — liv'd with *Sir Timothy Flagg*.

Sir John. Ah! a vile Fellow that; a very vile Fellow, was not he? Did he pay you your Wages?

Sir Timothy. Yes, Sir. I shall be even with you for this, by-and-by. [*Aside.*]

Sir John. You was well off, then; for, they say it's what he very seldom does. Sad Pay! — I can tell you, one Part of your Business must be to watch that Villain, that he does not debauch my Daughter; for I hear he designs it. But I hope we shall prevent him.

Sir Timothy. I'll take care of her, Sir, to be sure. I burst with Laughter, to think how charmingly we shall gull the old Fellow. [*Aside.*]

Sir John. *Kate!*

Enter Miss KITTY.

Here's a Maid for you, *Kate*, if you like her.

Miss. O Lord! a Maid! why she's a Monster! I never saw so ugly a Thing in all my Life.

Sir Timothy. The cunning Jade does this to blind the old Fool. [*Aside.*]

Miss. Pray, Child, what can you do?

Sir Timothy. I'll do the best I can to please you, Madam, and I don't question but I shall do.

Miss. Indeed you won't do.

Sir Timothy. I hope I shall, Madam, if you please to try me.

Miss. No, I durst not try you, indeed.

Sir Timothy. Why, Madam?

Miss. Methinks you look like a Fool; I hate a Fool.

Sir John. Nay, my Dear, don't abuse the young Woman; upon my Word, I think she looks mighty well. Hold up your Head, Child. O Lord! *Mrs. Betty*, you have got a Beard, methinks.

[*Stroaks her under the Chin.*]

Miss. What! has *Betty* got a Beard? Ha, ha, ha! Ah, *Betty*! why did not you shave closer? But I told ye you was a Fool!

Sir John. Well——and what Wages do you expect, my Dear?

Miss. Ay, what Work do you design to do, my Dear?

Sir John. How cleverly you have bit the old Fool, ha!

Miss. And how charmingly we shall laugh at him by-and-by, ha!

Sir John. Now don't you think you look like a Puppy?

Miss. Poor *Sir Timothy*! are you disappointed, Love? Come, don't nangry, and I'll sing it a Song.

S O N G.

'Ab, luckless Knight! I mourn thy Case:

Alas! what hast thou done?

Poor Betty! thou hast lost thy Place;

Poor Knight! thy Sex is gone.

Learn, henceforth, from this Disaster,

When for Girls you lay your Plots,

That each Miss expects a Master

In Breeches, not in Petticoats.

Sir John and Miss. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir

Sir Timothy. Zoons ! am I to be us'd in this Manner ?
And do you think I will bear it unreveng'd ?

Miss. And have you the Impudence to think you are not well us'd ?

Sir John. Nay, nay, if he's not satisfied ; instead of the Entertainment he expected, suppose we give him what he deserves. Who's within, there ?

Enter three or four Servants, Sir TIMOTHY runs off, and they after him.

Sir John. They'll overtake him ; and I don't doubt but they'll give him the Discipline he deserves.

Enter KING, GREENWOOD, and COURTIER.

King. After what you have told me, I think they cannot use him too ill. Madam, I wish you Joy of your Escape from the Ruin which threaten'd you.

Miss. The King ! I thank your Majesty.

King. And I am glad to hear that you are reconcil'd to an honest Man that deserves you.

Miss. I see my Error, and, I hope, by my future Conduct, to make Amends for the Uneasiness I have given to so good a Father.

Sir John. My dear Child, I am fully satisfied : and I hope thou wilt every Day be more and more convinc'd, that the Happiness of a Wife does not consist in a Title, or fine Appearance of her Husband, but in the Worthiness of his Sentiments, and the Fondness of his Heart.

King. And now, my good old Man, henceforth be thou my Friend. I will give thee an Apartment in my Palace, that thou may'st always be near my Person. And let me conjure thee ever to preserve this honest, plain Sincerity. Speak to me freely, and let me hear the Voice of Truth. If my People complain, convey their Grievances faithfully to my Ear ; for how should Kings redress those Ills, which Flatterers hide, or wicked Men disguise ?

Sir

Sir John. I thank your Majesty for the Confidence you have in me: My Heart, I know, is honest, and my Affection to your Majesty sincere: But as to my Abilities, alas! they are but small; yet, such as they are, if it clash not with my Duty to the Publick, they shall always be at your Majesty's Service.

King. I'd have you just to both.

*But let your Country's Good be first your Aim;
On this our honest Miller builds his Claim,
At least for Pardon; if you please, for Fame.*

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